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## All Over The Lot James Tate

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**James Tate**

## ALL OVER THE LOT

We were at the ballgame when a small child came up to me and thwacked me in my private area. He turned and walked away without a single word. I was in horrible pain for a couple of minutes, then I went looking for the rascal. When I found him he was holding his mother's hand and looking like the picture of innocence. "Is that your son?" I asked of the lady. She shot me a look that could fry eggs, and then she slapped me really hard. "Mind your own business," she screamed. The boy grinned up at me. My old tweed vest was infested with fleas. I started walking backwards. People were shoving me this way and that. To each I replied, "God, I love this game, I love this game."